

The Carmel Cymbal

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5 CENTS

**SAYS
THE EDITOR**

DRIVE-IN MARKET IS PROPOSITION FOR MURPHY PROPERTY NEXT TO THEATER ON OCEAN AVENUE

Here's one for the book—or for Ocean avenue.

It's a drive-in market and it's just as liable as not to be located on what is known as the Murphy property at the corner of Ocean avenue and Junipero, just east of the Carmel Theatre.

The project is afoot and at least two Carmel merchants have been approached in regard to leases in a proposed building to be erected for the purpose. What the persons who have an option on the property want are such tenants as a grocery store, a meat market, a bakery and, to round out a perfect set-up, a counter where you snatch a sandwich and a cuppa coffee.

It is pointed out by those interested directly or indirectly that the

corner could be used to advantage in no other commercial form, unless it is a gasoline service station in anticipation of the opening eventually of Junipero street as a highway through town for the tourists who will rush up and down the San Simeon road. But a service station is being frowned upon by all and sundry and anyway it wouldn't have the necessary income value for such an important business corner.

But the tentative promoters of the drive-in market idea see gold ahead by way of their plan. They see a good piece of property at the very end of the business section of the city, with nothing behind it in the way of prospective customers but the residents of Eighty Acres—

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COUNCIL READY TO ACCEPT GIFT OF FOREST THEATER FOR PARK AND PLAYGROUND PURPOSES

A beacon lighted 27 years ago in Carmel by Herbert Heron is about to go out.

The Forest Theater, the only community owned, open-to-the-hills-and-sky amphitheater in the state of California, is to become the property of the city of Carmel "for park and playground purposes."

Unable to pay taxes that have piled up over a period of five years, The Carmel Club of Arts and Crafts has offered to deed to the city the 19 lots which constitute the Forest Theater property.

The council, in solemn assembly Wednesday night, almost immediately registered by motion its intention to accept the gift.

January 20, at 7:45 p. m., was set as the date and time for official acceptance of the gift.

Winsor Josselyn, present at the meeting both as editorial representative of the Peninsula Herald and blood-is-thicker-than-water representative of the Josselyn family, arose Wednesday night and "sug-

gested" that property owners in the vicinity of the Theater be granted a hearing: that it is "possible" there may be objections to opening the property to the public as a park and playground.

Mrs. Ross Miller, a member of the board of directors of the Theater, asked Mr. Josselyn if a provision was made that the property be conducted under the city control as it has been under the club control, would the property owners refrain from protest. Mr. Josselyn, with that admirable restraint which has marked his progress through life, replied that he did not know; that he was not in a position to give any such assurance.

It is no secret that certain property owners have not looked with complete and unalloyed happiness on the activities of the Forest Theater for some time. They object to the noise and bustle in their neighborhood during periods when plays have been staged in the theater.

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EDUCATIONAL MOVIE PRODUCER PLANS PERMANENT STUDIO HERE

Either right here within the corporate limits of Carmel, or a short distance up the valley, a motion picture producing studio will take shape in the near future.

This is the plan of Wilmon Menard, now here shooting educational pictures on the peninsula. Menard, who distributes reams of film, of geographical and romantically industrial nature, is to adopt this section of the country as his headquarters and establish his studio here. He considers the location ideal for his purpose.

Right now, Menard is shooting basking sharks. In case you don't know what a basking shark is, it would be a good idea to learn, and then sometime when you are out over the depths of Monterey Bay and think at first that you see a man-eater, on second thought you will know it is a basker.

Basking sharks do not eat people. If you want to know the stark truth about it, they aren't sharks at all.

They're small whales—if from 30 to 40 feet is small—but they have the darting around habits, and the generally sleek look of the shark. They are called "basking" for a reason you'd never guess. We'll tell you—they bask. They lie around near the surface of the water and just bask in the sun.

Shooting them with a moving camera calls for shooting them also with a harpoon. But Menard doesn't do that. He directs his cameraman, Verrill Hamblin, by name, while one, Tom Machado, who, Menard says, is the dare-devil shark harpooner he has ever seen, gets the sharks.

They take a 30-foot power boat out on the bay and over by Marina way. They creep up on a few basking sharks and when the boat is directly over them, Machado, in the bow, drives home the harpoon. It is then that things happen, and sometimes they happen to the con-

(Continued on Page Eight)

City To Offer \$450 For Forest Hill School Lots

The City of Carmel is ready and willing to pay the Forest Hill school \$450 for five lots in a block adjoining the school grounds. These lots with five others the school is surrendering in lieu of unpaid taxes, will make a fine site for an ultimate park and playground, thinks the council.

Therefore Wednesday night it authorized Councilman James H. Thoburn to make the proffer. It is believed that the school will accept it.

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Bob Leidig To Get Fire District Data

Chief Bob Leidig of the fire department is busy endeavoring to obtain all the information he possibly can on fire districts. He expects to learn a great deal about them at the regular tri-monthly meeting of the Tri-County Firemen's Association, of Monterey, San Benito and Santa Cruz counties, at Salinas this evening.

Tuesday of this week, while on a business trip to San Francisco, he tried to get in touch with J. W. Stevens, state fire warden, and L. R. Bush, chief engineer of the Pacific Board of Underwriters, but neither was in town.

Commenting on the Hatton Fields angle of the fire district matter, Chief Leidig said that the complete system of six and eight-inch water pipe lines in that section would make possible installation of hydrants at any point desired.

It is understood that Paul Flanders of the Carmel Land Company, owners of the Hatton Fields tract, is heartily in favor of the fire district plan wherein it concerns the Ocean avenue section of the tract.

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"The Fool" To Be Presented Feb. 5

February 5 has been selected as the date for the production of Channing Pollock's play, "The Fool", at Sunset School auditorium under the auspices of The Community Church. It had been announced that the play would be given in the final week of this month, but the February date has been finally decided on.

What looks like an unusually fine cast, the principal characters of which were announced in THE CYMBAL last week, is rehearsing under the direction of Clay Otis each evening in the school.

"The Fool" was originally produced several years ago, but strikes a note even more vitally significant today. It tells the story of a young minister who made the attempt to preach Christianity's democracy with both amusing and important results.

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Carmel Pistol Club will hold its annual meeting and banquet Tuesday evening in the club rooms in the Pacific Gas and Electric Club building. Billy Watson and Charlie Guth are in charge of arrangements.

Carmel P. O. Goes High in Receipts During Last Year

The Carmel Post Office continues to go places when it comes to volume of receipts from year to year.

Mrs. Irene Cator, postmaster, has drawn up her 1936 report which shows that she and her staff of operators behind the post office windows have gathered in of our money: the sum total of \$36,548.76 during the past twelve months. This is about \$3,200 more than they took away from us in 1935. The aggregate that year being \$33,394.68. These totals, as with the others in this item, do not include receipts for special postal permits, money orders, postal savings or savings bonds.

Mrs. Cator's report shows further that the post office receipts in Carmel have grown from \$25,562.77 in 1929 to the present figure of \$36,548.76 for 1936. One year during that period there was a drop. That was in 1932, when the receipts dropped about \$280 from the 1931 total. Then in 1933 they went up to within \$150 of the 1931 figure, and from then on kept climbing.

In all four quarters of the year 1936 the receipts were higher than in corresponding quarters of 1935. In the summer period of July, August and September the total for last year was \$10,197.04 as against \$9,639.16 for the same period in 1935.

The total of approximately \$36,550 for the year 1936 lifts the Carmel post office to within \$450 of the first or low bracket of first-class offices. It is now in the highest second-class bracket.

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City May Collect Dog Licenses

What gravey there may be in the issuance of dog licenses will probably be lost to Walt Tuthill and his Smoke Shop if expressions of opinion on the part of the members of the city council mean anything. Eugene A. H. Watson suggested to the council Wednesday night that if the city tax collector collected the dog license money, the city would not have to pay somebody else ten per cent for doing it and all of the collected money, instead of 90 per cent of it, would go to the humane society. The council seemed to think this would be a good idea.

Chief of Police Norton, however, who is actually tax collector, but who is compelled to delegate much of this duty to others, declared that his office had as much as it could do now along this line, and he couldn't see how dog licenses could be squeezed in. The matter is under consideration and some change will probably be made.

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Virginia and Marjorie Hastings were joint hostesses to a group of college friends on the last afternoon of the old year at their home in Pebble Beach. The guests were Alice Meckenstock, Jean Hollingsworth, Jean Spence, Bety and Virginia Wheeler, Molly and Ruth Kellogg, Helen Marie Newmark, Pat Coblentz and Martha Millis.

SOMEBODY ELSE WANTS GLIMPSE OF THE OCEAN

Mrs. Ottilie Lowell, living at Tenth and San Antonio streets, appealed to the city council by letter Wednesday evening for a chance to look at the Pacific Ocean occasionally from the windows of her home. She explained that this might be granted her through just the smallest amount of trimming of certain cypress trees in front of her house.

We fear that Mrs. Lowell will bring down upon herself the ire and fire of some of these people who are suffering from acute tree-itis.

Which reminds us of the recent remark of Mayor Everett Smith, who forgets more every night about trees and the care of them than most letters-to-the-paper writers will ever know.

"The trouble is," said the mayor, "that there is too much of this mixing up trees with God."

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HERBERT CERWIN "RELEASES" CARMEL NUDES

Two of Carmel's daughters appear in the nude in last week's issue of Life, the new picture magazine—that is, they appear in the nude except for four high-heeled slippers, a man's head and about four medium-sized balloons. The slippers are divided equally between the two of them, the man's head obstructs a complete view of one, and the balloons, tastefully placed, intervene when it comes to the complete nakedness of the other.

The question: "It may be scandalous, but is it art?" does not enter into matter. It is publicity, publicity for Hotel Del Monte, as are two pages and a half besides in the same issue of Life. It is one of Herb Cerwin's multitudinous (we did not say multifarious, we did not even think multifarious) methods of advertising Hotel Del Monte.

The two pictures above referred to are so-called "unreleased" pictures taken at the recent Carmel Bal Masque. They are, together with a few others of prominent Del Monte transients, taken in most informal and admittedly uncomplimentary poses, printed in Life as "unreleased". Life naively thanks Mr. Cerwin for permitting it access to his files of "suppressed" pictures, and amusingly asks that anybody who has "suppressed" pictures consider the pages of Life as a place to unsuppress them.

All of which may help to explain how it is that you can't buy a copy of any week's issue of Life on a newstand for love or money. You have to be on the charter subscription list or have given your name and reservation to your pet newstand weeks and weeks before.

However and nevertheless, Herb Cerwin is well chosen as the publicity agent for Del Monte hotel. The fact that of the \$100,000 a year he has at his disposal to further his aims and the hotel's ends, \$25,000 is to go to Life or Time on a 1937 advertising contract, dims the glow of Cerwin's genius—but not much.

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HOW ABOUT GETTING AT PUTTING JUNIPERO THROUGH?

As far as we can learn from the city council it isn't doing anything at all about providing for, or prob-

ably it is better and more accurate to say, providing against the opening of the San Simeon highway next June. We are pointing our editorial finger at the inevitable menace of the hordes of motorists who are just as sure as fate going to give a strong left twist to their steering wheels at the intersection of the Mission road just east of the river bridge and pour themselves through us.

As matters now stand and, unfortunately will stand a long time to come, they are going to pour through San Carlos street. There isn't any other way for them to do the pouring under the present highway set-up. And San Carlos, a smooth, paved street runs directly by the only schoolhouse we possess.

That is not so good. No arguing in the world is going to make it good. The excuse that we haven't the money to widen, cut through and pave Junipero street is not going to make it good. One child maimed or killed in front of Sunset School, as we reckon the value of human life, sentimentally or in any other way, is going to cost us untellable times more than the price of preparing Junipero street for the gasoline travelers from Los Angeles to San Francisco. We know and appreciate the fact that there is a great deal of expense involved in improving Junipero street. We know that it will require a costly fill across Eleventh and Twelfth streets. We know all that, but—

Do you parents of the children in Sunset School know that an average of 4,000 automobiles a day travel the road between San Francisco and Los Angeles by way of Salinas? Do you know that besides the novelty of the thing, the San Simeon highway will be 15 miles shorter than the distance between Salinas and San Luis Obispo by the inland route?

Now, Mr. Earl L. Kelly, state director of public roads, said in a speech in Monterey recently that he expected 1,000 of these 4,000 automobiles will be diverted to the San Simeon route. With all due regard for Mr. Kelly's mental processes we are compelled to register the thought that he is cocoon. We aren't a state highway director, but we have had considerable experience with human nature and if the first year 3,000 of this 4,000 automobiles a day don't wheel off at Salinas toward Monterey and the San Simeon highway we'll eat our typewriter.

And of these 3,000 a day we'll ungratefully accept 1,000 making the next detour and paying us unwelcome visits. Not visits that get us anything, but those swish visits—you know, arriving and going at the same time.

And in those swishes—well, parents of Sunset School children today and parents of those who will be in Sunset School tomorrow, THE CYMBAL respectfully suggests that we do something about it.

Why not have your Parent-Teachers Association give the matter a thought, Mrs. Frohli? It isn't far until next June.

ABOUT ADVERTISING AND ADVERTISING ETHICS

THE CYMBAL has today more paid circulation in Carmel than any Carmel newspaper has ever had in the existence of Carmel. We mean that THE CYMBAL is placing in the post office each week, for distribution to Carmel box holders, more subscribers' copies, ordered and paid for, than any other newspaper published in this city does today, or has ever done.

Further, no box holder in Carmel receives a copy of THE CYMBAL unless he has ordered and paid for

it. There are a few who ordered and paid for THE CYMBAL a year and a half ago, and whose subscriptions were not fulfilled at that time, and who did not request, as they were asked to do, for their money back. These subscribers of THE CYMBAL then are getting THE CYMBAL today and will get it until their subscriptions are fulfilled. They are legitimate paid subscribers. We got their money and they are getting their paper. They represent, however, a very small percentage of our paid circulation.

But this was not to be a circulation dissertation. It was to concern itself principally with advertising. THE CYMBAL's subscribers are, we have every reason to believe, THE CYMBAL's friends. We wish them, as friends, to consider our advertising. It is on as near a sound, honest basis as we know how to put it. We carry no trade advertising. We carry no exchange advertising. We do not agree with a merchant that if he will give us a pair of shoes we will give him the value of shoes in advertising. We will pay for the shoes and he will pay for the advertising if he wants to advertise. We do not say we'll buy four typewriters from you if you will give us an advertising contract of 40 many inches a month. We will buy our typewriters, when and if we do, on a business basis and the merchant may advertise if he thinks he needs the advertising.

We are asking our subscriber friends to consider our advertising. We believe, we know, that all else being equal, it is good advertising. We endeavor, we think we succeed, in making it attractive advertising. We try our best to help the advertiser to word it so that it will be effective advertising. We try so to arrange his message that it will get better than value received for what he pays for it. In many instances we have been successful in this, as advertisers have attested.

You, our friendly subscribers and subscriber friends, can help us in this by making it a point to read all the advertising. And you will, we think, profit by it, too. Our advertisers are offering you exceptional bargains, bargains that it will pay you to investigate. We believe they are wise advertisers. We believe you will be wise buyers by patronizing them.

And we know that you will be just the dandiest buyers in the world if, when you do patronize them, you sort of casually remark: "I saw it in THE CYMBAL."

AN INVITATION TO MR. SEMMENS

We are severely taken to task by a "vox populi" writer in another paper for our recent huzzas at the proposal of the city to trim and thin out the cypress trees along Scenic Drive and San Antonio street. It is said of us that we "went so far as to criticize a piece of private property because of its thick foliage"; that we "ridiculed" Perry Newberry "and his love for trees" and that generally we are a tree-know-nothing.

We herewith invite this Mr. Semmens, whoever he may be, to walk down around the house in which we are domiciled and take a look. Right out in front of the door, in the street, is a pine tree that looks a great deal like the wrath of God, as nearly as we can envision that wrath. We are harboring that tree because it is a tree, because it deprives nobody of the joy of life, except automobilists who have to duck quick to keep from running into it, and because it renders inviolate a plot of ground at its base in which we have hope-

Steinbecks Guests at Whitaker Home

John Steinbeck and his wife, Carol, with the help of Tom Collins, steered his new Chevrolet (at least, it's new to Mr. Steinbeck) into the peninsula in 1936 and steered back out again in 1937, leaving a wake of New Year's cheer behind. Highest moment of the voyage, according to John, was the chile and beans at the Whitakers' along about three in the morning.

When the Steinbecks, along with Tom Collins, returned to Los Gatos, they were met by Moira Wallace and her husband, Peter Harnden, Hilary Belloc and his wife, Hope, of San Francisco.

John is going back at work on a new novel. This will follow "Mice and Men", which is coming out soon. He recently completed a series of six articles for the San Francisco Daily News on migratory camps. The articles were so successful that the Simon Lubin Society has taken them over to be brought out in pamphlet form. Collins is in charge of the migratory camps in California and Steinbeck has been in close contact with him while gathering material for these articles.

fully, with the aid of Councilman Thoburn, sowed nasturtium seeds.

On our property, besides the house, are at least eight trees, one of which has shifted the back porch a good three inches and is still pushing, and another of which is about to lift the roof off the master bedroom. But in and through these trees the sunshine streams, to our joy and, undoubtedly, to the joy of the trees.

Now, the private property across the street from us, at which we shot our questionably sharp editorial barbs, has about nineteen dirty, ragged cypress trees entirely surrounding the house. From about every angle but one you can't see the house, and certainly from every angle but half a one, the occupants of it can't see out. If it is going too far to barb at that place, all barbing is useless.

Incidentally, the tenants of that house moved out last week, and we'll wager a used typewriter ribbon that they moved to some place where they can get some of God's sunshine as well as some of his trees which, by the way, He didn't think of until after He thought of the sunshine.

Also incidentally, there are more of God's birds in the trees on our property than those dirty cypresses have any idea exist.

And, finally, we are pretty certain, despite Mr. Semmens' ideas on the matter, that Everett Smith, mayor of Carmel, being what he is in private life, will be mighty careful of Carmel's trees and that if he isn't, the rest of the city council will have something decidedly emphatic to say about him.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Whitaker broke into the New Year with beans and bottles and buffets and bunch—bunch, defined, meaning good spirit. The party ran long into the hours of the morning and the guests left with regrets that there was only one year to celebrate. They included John and Carol Steinbeck, Henry and Mona Williams, Tom and Janet Neikirk, Richard and Janice Albee, Keith and Virginia Evans, Francis and Marjorie Lloyd, Harry and Suzanne Hedger, Edward Rickett, Abbey Lou Bosworth, Ross Burton and Robert Brookman.

CYMBAL EXPERT EXPLAINS WHY DACHSHUNDS LOOK SAD; USES CASE HISTORY OF BRIDGET

Some people think that a dachshund looks the way it does because it can't help it—the god of dogs made it that way—you know, the sad, longing look in its eye, in both its eyes, in fact.

"And I'll be havin' you know it ain't so," wails Bridget of the House of J. Douglas Short. "We're after lookin' sad because 'tis sad we be after bein'."

Such language for a dog whose ancestors go back to Hitlerland instead of Ireland—but here's Bridget's story, and it's true or Bridget wouldn't tell it.

She has that longing look in her eye because it's longing she is; longing to get beyond the sight and ken of human beings. She has a certain antipathy for them. Not the J. Douglas Shorts, especially, but all in their likeness and image. In other words, Bridget has long wanted out, wanted away, wanted

hither and thither, principally thither.

And thither she got on the night after Christmas, the night when the said god of dogs caused rain and hail and generally dire weather to descend on Carmel and all its bipeds and quadrupeds, including the J. Douglas Shorts and the J. Douglas Short's dachshund, Bridget. The purpose of the rain and hail and wind and everything was to cause the Short automobile, in which Bridget was sadly riding, to run up against, upon and round about another contrivance compelled by motor power. The result was a smash, and, praise be to the god of dogs, Bridget found herself alone, untended, unwatched and unpalavered-over in the drizzling rain by the side of the road.

Then Bridget decided to go places—places away from the place where she was. She did. With legs buried in the mud so that amidships she was continually foundering, Bridget went south by west by her compass. South by west she went until she reached what she considered the eternal end of things. Bridget called it that. We, being dumber than Bridget, call it Carmel Highlands.

But there was to be an awakening for Bridget. She awoke, to be specific, to find herself in the possession of what bore all the resemblance of being another human being. She was clasped and rubbed down and palavered over and, which to Bridget was the last straw, or the last load of straw, was returned to Carmel and home.

Some people think that a dachshund looks the way it does because it can't help it—but "it ain't so", in the words of Bridget. A dachshund really wants out, wants away, wants the eternal end of things—and so seldom gets any of it.

JOHAN HAGEMEYER

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THINGS TO COME +

THE CYMBAL welcomes contributions to this column. Tel. 77.

DRAMATIC

Sunset School Auditorium. February 5. "The Fool", play by Channing Pollock, with local cast under the direction of Clay Otto. Under auspices of the Community Church.

REVEL

Mission Ranch Club. Jan. 16. Supper dance and afternoon and evening festivities. Invitational.

SPORT

Carmel Pistol Club range, Hatton Fields. January 17. Final elimination shoot for Ford trophy. Carmel Pistol Club club rooms, P. G. & E. building. Annual meeting and banquet of club.

CIVIC

City Hall. January 20, 7:45 o'clock. Council meets.

MUSIC

Sunset School Auditorium. This evening, January 8, 8:15 o'clock. San Jose Federal Music Project orchestra in guest concert. Admittance free.

DANCE

San Jose Civic Auditorium. February 1. Evening. Monte Carlo Ballet Russe, presented by Denny Watrous management.

MOTION PICTURES

Carmel Theater. Ocean avenue at corner of Mission street. Two complete programs every night, beginning at 7 o'clock. Matinees 2:30 o'clock. Tonight, tomorrow matinee and night: Wallace Beery and Eric Linden in "Old Hutch"; also Lew Ayres and Mary Carlisle in "Lady Be Careful". Sunday matinee and night and Monday night: Myrna Loy and William Powell in "The Great Ziegfeld". Tuesday night: Jane Darwell and Lois Wilson in "Laughing at Trouble"; also William Gargan and Marguerite Churchill in "Alibi For Murder". Wednesday matinee and night: Roscoe Karns and Mary Brian in "Three Married Men". Thursday night: Stuart Erwin and Florence Rice in "Women Are Trouble"; also Edmund Lowe and Constance Cummings in "Seven Sinners".

TREVETTS START TRIP TO FRANCE AND ITALY

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney A. Trevett and Walter Egan, Mrs. Trevett's brother, leave today for Los Angeles where they will embark on a steamer to carry them through the canal to France. The crossing is a 21-day trip.

They will land at Havre and go through Southern France down into Italy, touring about Southern Europe for about five months, returning to Carmel in June.

In France they will be joined by their son, Walter Trevett, and his wife. Their son, David, and his wife, who was Patty Johnson, daughter of Dick and Rhoda, came down from their Berkeley home the past week-end to bid them good-bye.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Crossman were hosts at a buffet supper Wednesday week at their Pebble Beach home.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wolff held open house New Year's day. There were 15 guests.

HELENA HERON AND LOUIS CONGER LEAVE WITH 5 DOGS AND 7 CATS; RETURN WITH 5 DOGS, 8 CATS

A letter to the editor begins the following all-too short "note" on the sally forth and the sally back again of Helena Heron and her sister, Louise Conger. It has been told in a few of our choicest words (CYMBAL, Dec. 25) of the return from the Pacific Northwest of these two travelers. What happened between the time they departed, with their livestock, and the time they returned, with the livestock actually augmented by one, has not been told, is not told here, perhaps will never be entirely told, but most certainly should someday be told. The world, all too sad, is entitled to such things.

The following, as we say, begins with a letter to us from Miss Conger, and following that the short gathering together of notes Miss Conger jotted down.

Life, to Mrs. Heron and Miss Conger, persists in being an adventure. They persist in making it an adventure. There are no vicissitudes too great, no hurdles too high, no miles too long for these two happy, always smiling women. Earth, so lavish with the beauties that grow from its soil, skimps us in the beauty of the human characters it produces to move among them. Occasionally here and there, however, we have a Helena and a Louise.

(Our wife, reading this, remarked: "You know, I have the feeling that Carmel seems more like Carmel when they are here.")

—The Editor

To The Editor of THE CYMBAL:

Let me take this opportunity to thank you and all our friends in Carmel and vicinity for the kindly welcome home extended to two travelers from the sombre Northwest back to the Sun-kist State. Yes, we went—and saw—and conquered the Puget Sound country and found on our second invasion of the Evergreen State that one can not believe all that the folders tell you. We did all the things we were told not to do—one being, on no account buy property there—you can't re-sell it. We did that little thing. We bought four acres with a spacious and attractive log house that must have cost \$2000 to build. It was so big that we, the dogs, cats and ourselves, rattled around in it like beans in a dry pod. Also it had a view—also, a water supply of 2000 gallons a minute (or was it a day?). Sold it at a small profit and came back where we belonged, where it's heaven for climate and paradise for society—neither of which did we find in the Northwest.

LOUISE H. CONGER

The Station Wagon—and who in Carmel does not know it—sailed northward last June with a cargo of two women, five dogs and seven cats, and sailed back again with the addition of one cat. Cats can always be counted upon to increase their numbers. The cats rode on the tailboard, in crates, and at one Oregon grocery where the station wagon stopped for supplies, the proprietor was jubilant. "We are all out of eggs and we'll buy all you have." And the cats went in and out of Auto Camps and no one was the wiser—but they, too, are glad to be back, for save the one Washingtonian, they are all native sons and daughters, and they don't like the chilly, rainy Northwest—no real Californian does.

There are some things, however,

not to be found in this part of the world—such as banks and banks of rhododendrons, and roadsides full of azalea, and very green grass—and FIRS—and more firs and then a lot more firs—there seem to be no end to them until you see a few hundred acres of them wiped out by a forest fire. One wonders why the WPA—or is it the PWA—creates so many peculiar "occupations" when there is a steady job for able-bodied men patrolling the forests. They are breast high with underbrush, and the "slash" of the cut timber is left on the ground where it falls to provide easy kindling for the first careless hunter or camper whose "extinguished" cigarette falls on it. It would seem that unless something were done there would be reenacted a scene such as the middle west is now fleeing from.

It was an especially dry summer—but then the South Dakotans and the North Dakotans and all the Montanans were coming into Washington and Oregon in droves, and maybe—we are taught that such is the power of thought—they brought their drouth with them. Think of living with your wife and four children in a small four-room house and one day you look up and see your wife's sister and her husband and their five children drive in from South Dakota.

But there is one thing the Pacific Northwest has over California—its land is cheap. And as to tax sales—but they are too unbelievable—besides they should not be published as all the Monterey Peninsula might pack its rumble seats and depart overnight. And, speaking of real estate, here is a choice bit (realtors take notice)—An inquiry regarding the price of a certain piece of property brought forth this: "Yes, we are asking \$650 but, of course, we would take less than that for it." And the equally benevolent real estate broker who suggested to Miss Conger that she pay her rent directly to the owners, "as it would save them the commission."

SLEVIN ADDS PARKING STONES TO ARCHIVES

One more chapter has been written by Louis Slevin in his story of Carmel. Rather, to be exact in the matter, one more picture has been taken by him to continue his pictorial history of Carmel.

Monday of this week he went forth from his place of business and snapped the tilting rocks which stand as a thin, straggly line of sentinels down the center of Ocean avenue.

"They soon are to be of the past," Slevin commented. "They should be preserved in the album of my curiosities—interesting, absurd, novel, original, weird, scandalous and antiquated."

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stanton opened their Pebble Beach doors to those of their host of friends within riding distance for a cocktail party last Sunday afternoon.

THE OLDEST
BARBER SHOP IN
TOWN—YET THE NEWEST
PAUL'S
NEXT TO THE LIBRARY

PAUL MERCURIO
to say nothing of
COURT ARNE

Editor of Cymbal Addresses Council

After Thelma Miller of the *Pine Cone* and Winsor Josselyn of the *Peninsula Herald* had addressed the city council Wednesday night on various and sundry matters not directly bearing on their official capacities as newspaper people, the editor of THE CYMBAL thought and thought what he could think of to give him the chance to stand up before an imposing lobby of four separate and distinct persons and say, in a voice ringing clear like the Maine stein song: "Mr. Mayor—"

It was tough going and somebody had already started: "I move we adjourn—" before he thought of something. Leaping to his feet and leaning uncouthly on the railing he asked:

"Aint youse guys and Miss Kellogg goin' to do nothin' about keepin' drivers of San Simeon Highway motor-propelled vehicles off San Carlos street from in front of our little red schoolhouse?"

The answer he got was that at the present writing nothing is to be done. Either his question was too ungrammatical or he wasn't wearing the right necktie.

Steel-Head Ready For River Run

The bar at the Carmel River mouth was finally opened at 10 o'clock yesterday morning by nine workers from the artichoke fields. On the day previous several attempts were made with the aid of a tractor but proved unsuccessful.

By 3 o'clock in the afternoon between 20 and 30 persons were gathered at the river mouth to cast their spinners into the rising current with but one thought in their minds—steel-head for dinner. According to Guy Koepf the steel-heads were just getting ready to run; but he had been watching a school of sea lions churn the water in the bay. "When those babies eat 200 pounds of fish it's just an appetizer," he sighed. Oh, for the life of a sea lion, tra la.

Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle Preston with their children, Anne and Isabel, of San Francisco, have been enjoying the holidays in Carmel.

Mrs. I. D. Smith of Los Gatos is here with her son, Irwin, for a short stay.

Carmel Puts Nose Out; Then Creeps Back Under Cover

There was frost on the pumpkin and our north-side-of-the-house thermometer registered just 30 degrees above Mr. Fahrenheit at 5:30 o'clock yesterday morning—there is snow on the mountains at the skyline over La Corona ranch house, and the rainfall to date in Carmel is 8.34 inches, almost twice what it was last year on January 7 and exactly half what it was all last season.

Carl Rohr had to use a safety razor blade to scrape the congealed atmosphere off his windshield at 10:30 o'clock Wednesday night. Eddie Files couldn't get any water out of his service line at the Shell Station in front of us, and Mrs. McGillicuddy, who owns the Great Dane named Endymion got the cream off the top of her milk bottle with an ice pick.

Colonel and Mrs. Rush Wallace and Miss Flora Stewart entertained Saturday night at their Pebble Beach home. Eighty people paid their respects.

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The Carmel Cymbal

VOL. 6 No. 2

January 8, 1937

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W. K. BASSETT, Editor

THE CYMBAL craves your assistance in making it what you would like it to be. When you think we ought to know something that you know, or have an inkling of, telephone Carmel 77. Our gratitude will know no bounds

CIRCULATION STATEMENT

The bonafide paid circulation of THE CYMBAL last week (issue of January 1) was as follows:

| | |
|-----------------------------|-----|
| Paid Subscribers | 304 |
| (In Carmel shopping radius) | |
| Paid Subscribers | 51 |
| (Outside shopping radius) | |
| Newstand Sales | 44 |
| Total | 399 |

Gain over previous week 10

NOT EXACTLY INTRODUCING ROSS BURTON

Ross Burton, who needs introduction to few residents of Carmel, has joined THE CYMBAL staff. Whatever you can do to make his work easy, his present happy and his future bright, both Ross and THE CYMBAL will appreciate down to the bottom of our last page.

+

RUTH AUSTIN FORMING NEW DANCING CLASSES

Ruth Austin is now forming new classes in the dance, forming them, in—fact, close to the bottom. This season she is taking children as young as three and four under her wing. She will also, of course, have her regular classes for anybody who wants to learn to dance.

Ruth has a background that makes possible what she accomplishes. You can't spend as much time as she has with the Denishawn Dancers, at the Wigman School in Europe, under teachers in Dresden and Munich, where she acquired the German influence she brought here and so capably taught with Bety Horst in San Francisco, without knowing about all there is to know about your art.

This season, Miss Austin offers a rare opportunity for those who want to learn tap dancing. Betty Carr, specially engaged by Ruth for this instruction, has no peers in this section of the country as a tap dancer.

+

A group of Carmel girls who attend Monterey Union High were entertained at a tea given by Pat Hall Tuesday at her home on the sand dunes at the foot of Eighth street. The girls were Sue Chapman, Pat Coblenz, Jean and Nancy Hollingsworth, Katherine Beaton, Mary Wooley, Barbara Haas, Joan Clague, Jane Millis and Sue Clark.

+

Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Howard have returned to their Lincoln street home after visiting their daughter and son-in-law in Hollywood.

Trio of Pool Balls Aids to Wermuth

If one of Carmel's Finest, Earl Wermuth by name, makes a quick turn and gets you sometime, just blame it onto the 13-ball.

If you might be riding with him and he pulls himself out of a hole in low gear or second, you can hang that, too, onto the 13-ball, but a different one.

If, seated beside him, in durance vile or just friendly, and he lets in a little cool air on a hot day—that you can credit to the 8-ball.

Earl has that much of a nucleus for starting a pool hall. On his steering wheel is one 13-ball, and it is remarkable how much it facilitates making a short turn while one hand is out of the window. On his gear shift he has another 13-ball which he declares he has had since childhood. On the ventilator shift handle he has the 8-ball.

Earl says that somebody found in their yard, hidden under two or three years of pine needles, the steering wheel 13-ball and that when found it lay just back of the 8-ball which helps him to ventilate the car.

As for misfortunes said to rest within the scope and power of No. 13, Earl flies right into your face with: "I wish the 8-ball was another 13—that's how much I hate that number."

+

Music Project In Concert Tonight

The San Jose Federal Music Project WPA concert orchestra, under the distinguished direction of Joseph Cizkovsky, will give a guest concert under the auspices of the Monterey County Federal Music Project this evening at eight-fifteen in the Sunset School Auditorium in Carmel. Admission is free.

Included in the program are two compositions written by members of the San Jose Project. Joseph Cizkovsky, conductor of the orchestra, and supervisor of the Federal Music Project at San Jose, has composed "Rondo: On Siberian Plains", and Don Lima, violinist on the project, will play an original composition, "Cradle Song".

When the Federal Music Projects were first set up, no one realized that there was an amazing amount of creative talent in this country with no help and few outlets. Today, with encouragement heartily supplied by the Federal Music, composing has reached such a peak that it has been estimated 622 American composers have heard their music performed between last October and June 30, 1936. Since a composer need not be a member of a Federal Music Project, vast resources of purely American music have been opened and given to the public.

Following is the complete program for Friday evening:

Prelude and Fugue in C Minor—Bach
Symphony No. 3 (Eroica)—Beethoven
"To a Wild Rose"—MacDowell
Scotch Poem—MacDowell

TEN YEARS AGO

this week

From The Cymbal, January 6, 1927

Town trustees hold special meeting to discuss proposed increase in rates by the Monterey Water Works.

+

City Marshal Gus Englund reports only one arrest in Carmel during the month of December. (And we remember being surprised that he made that one. Gus wasn't what you'd call an arresting officer, if you get us in the right sense.)

+

"They Knew What They Wanted" was produced at The Theatre of the Golden Bough. (And what a play that was, the Rev. Terwiliger, the then pastor of the Community Church to the contrary notwithstanding. You remember the cast: Elliot Durham, who owned "Bob of Carmel"; Tom Bickle, who later forgot all his lines in the dark when he grave-dug in "Hamlet" at the Forest Theater; Ted Kuster, and what a man he was in that part!; Peter Friedrichsen, who paid us a visit from San Francisco a week or ten days ago; Ruth Kuster, and a great big gold mark for Ruth in that play; Barry Parker, whom Perry Newberry in his Pin Coon later termed Carmel's "undesirable citizen"; Guy Koepp, Marian Todd, Helen Newmark, Wesley Dow, John Bartlett and Hilda Argo.

+

Mrs. D. W. Call gets a set of traps for Christmas, the while young Jack Call gets "Smokey" as a Christmas present ("Smokey" was one of Lynn Hodges' wares and he not only sold the horse to Mrs. Call for young Jack, but he led the animal right up to the fireplace in the Call living room for the presentation.)

+

Some impertinent, self-assuming dramatic critic, signing himself "W.K.B.", said of George Ball's production of "The Man With a Load of Mischief": "The main trouble with the production of 'The Man With a Load of Mischief', beside the fact that it should never have been produced at all, was that the cast was neither prepared for it by temperament (which is to its credit) or by practice. And it gains nothing in the minds of the visitors to Carmel who paid their dollars for admittance tickets, to offer excuses in the form of insufficient rehearsals, or illness of the actors. Florenz Ziegfeld can't get away with that, even in the ratio of six to one in the price of tickets. This wasn't a pin show in a barn; it was an Arts and Crafts production. It had to stand on its own feet and—well, it wobbled, and wobbled hard."

Cradle Song—Don Lima
Rondo: "On Siberian Plains"—J. Cizkovsky
Suite: "Mississippi"—F. Grofe
"The Star Spangled Banner"—Francis Scott Key—J. Smith

CITY READY TO ACCEPT FOREST THEATER AS GIFT FOR PARK

(Continued from Page One)

They have looked with unmasked consternation especially on the antics of human beings previous to, attendant on and immediately following the staging of the annual circus at the Forest Theater. To be utterly candid and frank about it, they do not like either the idea or the actuality of the Forest Theater in their midst.

The pride that Carmel generally has had for many years in its open-air theater in a pine forest in no way extends to those who live and have their being within earshot of the theater grounds. The world outside may shower congratulations on us for the possession of such a thing of beauty, for its dramatic record over the years, but its immediate neighbors say "phooey".

Councilman Rowntree expressed the opinion that the Forest Theater property would be a valuable asset to the city. He made the remark that no matter where you might place a playground or a park it would be adjacent to somebody's private property. He believed that in a case such as this the city should consider the greatest good for the greatest number. He was

certain that under public ownership the Forest Theater would be "less a nuisance" than under private. We can't exactly see that sitting well on the stomachs of Harry Dickinson, Bert Heron or Gene Watson.

Mayor Everett Smith made the quite pertinent remark that if memory or archives served him right the Forest Theater was there and functioning to our own delight and the amazement of the nations some time before the present property-owning neighbors raised their family shrines among the towering pines. (Pardon that one.)

However, nevertheless and notwithstanding, the council as a whole expressed itself as grateful for the offer of the Carmel Club of Arts and Crafts and lost no time in registering its intention to accept it. It plans officially so to do on January 20. It's a good guess that there will be none of this so-called greased lightning in the matter of the speed thereof. There's a lot less balm in Gilead than you think.

+

Mrs. Charles L. Berkey, her daughter, Nadine Fox, and Miss Carol Pickit, have returned from a four-months' trip to the Orient.

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GUESS HOW MANY MAGAZINES IN THE LIBRARY. GUESS AGAIN

When I counted the list of periodicals available to the readers at the public library I was startled, to say the least. I certainly shouldn't have named such a figure if anyone had asked me to guess. So I began making other people guess. The first one asked was quite satisfactory in her response; she guessed less than half. So I had the fun of surprising her with the real figure. But doggonit, there's always someone to prick the balloon and ruin your good story. When I flagged the editor of THE CYMBAL in one of his wild rushes between the telephone and the typewriter and put my question to him, I was thinking smugly, "He'll be simply staggered. He'll never think there can be so many." But he didn't come back with the right guess at all; or rather, he did! Believe it or not, he didn't say "fifty" or even "seventy-five" as I had counted on his doing—he shot out "One hundred and twenty." "Oh," I said, taken aback. "Well," he asked, "did I get anywhere near it?" "Yes," I admitted reluctantly, "it's a hundred and nineteen." He said afterwards, however, that he hadn't the remotest idea whether it was thirty-seven or three hundred and thirty-seven—but my surprise was spoiled and I asked for no more guesses. After this I'm telling the story.

And it seems to me a pretty good story that in this library you can read, glance over, study or merely consult, as you happen to desire, very nearly as many periodicals as there are miles between Carmel and the big library in San Francisco where you would have a right to expect magazines and papers by the hundred. There's one to fit your every mood here in Carmel, however, as they say in so many ads. In most cases, more than one.

I started looking up this matter in the hope of disseminating a little information about Carmel resources which possibly some of THE CYMBAL readers had not happened to garner for themselves. Naturally I found a lot that was news to me, too.

If you are interested in politics, economics and current questions of the day I don't have to tell you of the existence on the library tables of *Forum*, *Survey Graphic*, *Nation*, *Current History*, *Literary Digest* or *Time*. You're obviously in no need of my gratuitous remarks. But two not quite so well known or so often read, according to Miss Niles, who considers them worth more attention, are *United States News and Vital Speeches*. The former is a weekly newspaper published in Washington, edited by David Lawrence, and self-styled "Authentic" and "Independent". It covers the progress of events over the country as a whole and interprets the meaning and the direction of those events. The latter is a bi-monthly publication which, as its title indicates, reproduces in each issue a number of the most important speeches delivered at various functions by prominent speakers. It is sloganized by the phrase: "The Best Thought of the Best Minds on Current Questions." Then there is the *Congressional Digest* (published in Washington), "The Pro and Con Monthly", which takes up a special question in each issue and gives the opinions on both sides held by the people best qualified to have opinions on the subject.

Before I started looking over the current periodicals—and I don't mean just glancing at the covers—there were a good many it hadn't occurred to me I'd be interested in. I was pleasantly surprised to dis-

cover, by the time I was through, that there were only a few I wasn't interested in. Unfortunately I simply haven't time to enjoy even fifty periodicals a month, let alone a hundred or more! I had a lot of fun this once and was highly entertained as well as edified by what I learned. I don't suppose this particular bit of information will change my life in any way, but I found it extremely diverting to read in *Travel* about the lake in Turkey which is solid salt—nearly two thousand square miles of it! And the salt is so pure that they don't have to do a thing to it but dig it out in chunks, grind it up and sell it. The government cannily disposes of it by the pound, instead of in tons or such large measures, even to wholesalers, and thereby makes a good fat thousand per cent profit. Other magic carpet magazines on the list whereby you may visit without expense or effort all sorts of odd corners of the world are *Asia*, *Illustrated London News*, *Pan American Bulletin*, and *National Geographic*, of course. I generally steer clear of anything labeled "bulletin" when I'm out for entertainment, but the *Pan American Bulletin* has readable articles with really interesting photographs for illustrations. You could do worse in search for travel reading.

As for the art magazines you don't have to be even an amateur artist to enjoy them, unless you should happen to be a sort of freak of nature and not like to look at pictures. The *American Magazine of Art*, *Art Digest*, *California Arts and Architecture*, *Design*, *School Arts*—they cover the field high and low of what is being done, commercially, educationally and purely professionally, in the art world.

But speaking of pictures, perhaps that is the outstanding characteristic of the mass of publications today which shows their progress and improvement over a few decades past. The thing that strikes you is the fact that nearly every magazine you open is full of pictures, pictures and more pictures! You needn't read much—in fact, if you want to examine even a part of all the periodicals you won't have time to. But pictures, the vivid, stories-of-life-today pictures, flash the news to you so quickly you can cover a lot of ground. Of course, you only more or less skim that ground, but there is always in the non-illustrated magazines plenty of reading for those who want to dig in a little deeper. And speaking of digging in, to digress again, did you know there is a delightful southern reptile called the red-bellied mud-snake that burrows in the soft soil for its food and has been found ten feet underground? Nothing but an overzealous worm, if you ask me. The story is in *Field and Stream*, which is another good picture book, even

(Continued on Page Seven)

Interest Growing In Bach Festival

Eastern magazines are now sending requests to the Denny-Watrous Management for information regarding the third Bach Festival to be held in Carmel this summer. Miss Dene Denny said yesterday that interest in the now annual event is being aroused more and more each year. Particularly among music journals are queries coming in for details. Even as early as this, it is certain that the 1937 Festival will be attended by more music lovers by far than the previous two.

Rehearsals are being conducted every week by Bernard Callery, assistant director, under Michel Penha, who will conduct this year's Festival. Orchestra rehearsals are being held every Sunday evening in the first grade room, at Sunset School and the chorus is rehearsing at the place each Monday evening.

Miss Denny and Miss Hazel Watrous, initiators and producing directors of the Festival, are fortunate in again obtaining Penha, internationally famous cellist, musician and conductor, to conduct the 1937 event. Penha, who will be here in the first week of February, personally to conduct rehearsals of both orchestra and chorus, has announced that all those who are interested in playing in the orchestra or singing in the chorus take up the preliminary work at once as after March 1 no one will be admitted to either group except through special auditions.

+ + +

Mrs. Andrews To Talk to Negroes

Mrs. Gertrude Nelson Andrews of Carmel will deliver the Emancipation Day address to the Negroes of the Monterey Peninsula in the Negro Church at Monterey next Thursday evening, January 14.

Mrs. Andrews' address will climax an afternoon and evening celebration by the Negroes on this anniversary of Abraham Lincoln's signing of the Emancipation Proclamation.

Mrs. Andrews, it is to be enduringly remembered, was the editor of *You and We*, the little magazine of good cheer that comforted hundreds of people from the Atlantic to the Pacific for the many years of its publication. With the death of her husband, "Uncle Fred" Andrews, last year here in Carmel, *You and We* also ceased to be. Mrs. Andrews had been the deck and the wheel house of that craft which so gaily took the waves, and Uncle Fred the hull and the engine room. Obviously she could not sail the ship alone.

Next Thursday she is honoring the Negroes of the Monterey Peninsula and they are honoring her.

Who Are Teaching Our Children?

NO. 3 — BERNICE RILEY

Bernice Riley greets first-grade children five mornings each week with the loveliest smile you ever saw in your life. Which probably explains in a large way why those 40 children are what they are—exceedingly amenable children. Miss Riley's smile is something worth being good for.

Incidentally, but quite extraneously, Miss Riley's school room, on the far southern end of the Sunset Schol yard, is the only one in the school from the windows of which you can see the snow on the mountains.

Miss Riley comes from the other end of the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge. She was born on Piedmont avenue in Oakland. She went to St. Francis de Sales high school

and then entered San Francisco State College. There she majored in general elementary education and minored in art and child psychology. She walked out with her A.B. in May, 1935, and in September of the same year she walked into Sunset School and smiled.

Miss Riley looks well on a horse and gets up on one often. Clothes look well on Miss Riley, as you will attest if you attended the American Legion fashion show not so long ago.

Besides her physical attraction it is said, on the best of authority, that she is an excellent school teacher. Not that this should matter, but it probably does to the school trustees.

(Next Week—Edna C. Lockwood)

DRIVE-IN MARKET PROSPECT FOR OCEAN AVENUE AND JUNIPERO

(Continued from Page One)

that is, foot customers. A single store there, depending on foot customers, would pay its rent. But a drive-in market, where the question of parking is not an issue, where the buyer could find everything he could want for his dinner and something to eat on the run while he is buying it, is considered just the thing.

The reasoning is that a man or woman in an automobile, driving to shop, would not consider it added discomfort to drive to the edge of the business district if he knew that on arrival there would be space for him to park his automobile. It wouldn't make any difference by what route he reached the business district. By way of Monte Verde, Lincoln, Dolores or Mission street, or straight up Ocean from waterwards—it would be just as easy to

continue on to Junipero and Ocean as to stop enroute, and, because of congested streets, probably easier when it comes to parking.

It's a good idea, from a commercial standpoint, and the fellows who thought it up should congratulate themselves. There undoubtedly will be Carmel merchants who will be glad to consider tenancy in a drive-in market building.

+ + +

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Hodges of Monterey, after pushing the old year out at the Carmel American Legion clubhouse, returned home with a party of friends for a buffet supper. Among the guests present were Mr. and Mrs. William Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Hodges, Mr. and Mrs. Lynn Hodges, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Pedersen, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Enos.

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Musical Arts Club Presents Unusual Program

The Musical Arts Club held its regular monthly meeting Tuesday night at the Van Ess-MacGowan home in the Country Club.

After a welcome and New Year's greeting, Mrs. Van Ess introduced an old friend, her houseguest, Bishop Cecil Cooper from Korea, who modestly admitted to having played the viola and sung a bit, more years ago than his hostess wished to acknowledge remembering.

Millicent Sears gave her usual comprehensive résumé of coming musical events, and it will not be her fault if the members aren't a lot more cultured musically in the coming month; for between concerts and ballets in San Jose and more on the Peninsula, there will be much opportunity.

Mrs. William Raiguel, the club's capable president, presided and introduced the artist of the evening, Gladys Steele. She sang and played three groups of folk and character songs. The first group consisted of three songs of old French theme: Madame Tartine, by Grovlez; Parable of Jesus and the Sinful Rich Man, arranged by Gladys Steele; and Verdur Onette, anonymous.

These were followed by "Who'll Buy My Violets?" by Padilla, sung in Spanish, and a Neapolitan Folk Song in Italian.

The second group contained two delightful songs in German, "Hans und Liesel", a folk song and "Maerchen", by Eric Wolff.

Then came a Russian Gypsy song, followed by "Necken", a Swedish folk song, and "Oh, I Have Five Small Fingers", sung in Norwegian. As an encore to this group, Miss Steele gave a Viennese number, "Ich Lieb Nur Eine".

The third group brought still added proof of Miss Steele's versatility with "Pretty Polly Oliver", an old English song, and one from Scotland, "Liss Lindsay", arranged by Fritz Kreider. Then came an Irish folk song, "Kitty My Love, Will You Marry Me", by Howard Hughes, and the better known "Little Bateese", by O'Hara.

Her audience was loath to let her go, so Miss Steele sang Jacques Wolf's "Shortenin' Bread" and "La Coeur de la Mie" by Jacques Delcroze.

Words are inadequate to convey the charm of this artist's performance. Before each song she tells its story, and then puts so much expression and drama and feeling into it that although one hasn't an inkling of the meaning of a word of French, Russian, German or Norwegian, one seems to understand what it is all about.

A social hour with chocolate, coffee and cake brought this unusually enjoyable evening to a close.

—M. R. S.

NEW YEAR'S CELEBRATION MUCH TOO UNIQUE

Jack Mays of Carmel must be have himself to the satisfaction of the police for the next 60 days or spend that amount of time in jail, according to an edict of Judge George P. Ross as pronounced in the Carmel police court Monday. Mays was arrested because of his unique method of celebrating the New Year—not so unique, perhaps, as too much unique. He was fined \$10, which he paid, sentenced to the 60 days in jail, the latter penalty held in abeyance for the next two months.

PLAN TO ORGANIZE FIRE DISTRICT CONTINUES TO GAIN MOMENTUM

Interest has been awakened in the suggestion by THE CYMBAL that creation of a fire district, which would ignore city lines, would be the answer to the present serious problem of lack of fire protection for the property owners of Carmel Point, Hatton Fields and Carmel Woods. Aroused by the two recent disastrous fires just over the city line in The Woods, residents of the outlying sections are anxious to provide themselves with some sort of assurance against the destruction of their homes.

THE CYMBAL has been able to gather expressions of opinion on the matter from a few of the outside residents and presents them herewith. It is admittedly a long trail ahead to the realization of the fire district idea, but THE CYMBAL does not feel that those who offhensively declare it can't be done are speaking from any result of study in the matter.

On the other hand we do feel that nothing would be lost by a serious consideration of its possibilities, and that that consideration should be made in the very near future. Fire, like time and tide, doesn't hang around waiting for anybody when it gets a notion to go about its nefarious business.

And on still another hand we feel that these Carmel citizens who argue on the "serves them right" basis because outside residents do not want to become part and parcel of the city of Carmel, are perhaps doing a little amputating of noses to spite a few faces. A well organized fire district, combining an area which has within its confines a very high percentage of valuable property, would undoubtedly result in the establishment and maintenance of a fire company of more advantage in its efficiency to the city itself than the present admittedly efficient one. The time is coming when Carmel's department will have to cease being a completely volunteer one. In fact, for a city of this size, and with the amount it has of valuable property, we should not now expect volunteers to risk their lives in the jeopardy of serious conflagrations. That volunteers do do it now, and do it courageously and with efficiency is no answer.

Herewith, then, we present some of the sentiments expressed in regard to the proposed fire district:

"The idea is splendid. I cannot understand why it was not done long ago. We don't want to become a part of Carmel, most of us, with the increased taxes we would have to pay, and for things we do not need. But we do need fire protection and if a fire district will give us that without added cost above our insurance premiums, that certainly is what we want. THE CYMBAL deserves thanks for doing this."

Mrs. Elizabeth Curran, Carmel Point

"It's a good plan. All those with whom I have spoken on the matter are in favor of it. Property owners in Carmel Woods, The Point and here in Hatton Fields should work together for such a district."

A. G. E. Hanke, Hatton Fields

"Naturally I would be in favor of anything that would give us fire protection out here. If the fire district is the answer I am for the fire district. I have not studied the matter, but it sounds good to me."

Paul Whitman, Carmel Woods

"It should be done, or something should be done by property owners outside the city limits to get adequate fire protection. I certainly

want my home protected from fire and the creation of a fire district seems to be a feasible way."

Herman K. Kern, Carmel Woods

"A fire zone to include the outside areas in question is quite essential. Something must and should be done to protect the life and property of those concerned. The Peninsula Community Hospital being just outside the city limits is a concern. I am highly in favor of any action taken to relieve this situation."

J. E. Abernethy

Member of the Board of Directors of The Peninsula Community Hospital

"I am interested in any move that is made to make the fire hazard less dangerous to the homes and property in these outside areas."

Ora Minges, Hatton Fields

"If it is planned to create a zone to include not only the homes but the whole tracts in the areas in question I would be in favor of any action taken to establish this new zone."

Mrs. C. W. Thatcher, Carmel Point

Marion Boke Todd Chest Secretary

Marion Boke Todd was back in Carmel last week-end just long enough to be successfully interviewed by a committee from the Monterey Peninsula Community Chest, headed by Mrs. Robert Stanton of Pebble Beach, and to accept that committee's tender to her of the position of executive secretary. Whereupon she returned to Santa Barbara to close her books as assistant supervisor of women's projects for the WPA in that district.

Marion will take over her new duties, with headquarters in the Brown Adobe in Monterey, within two weeks. She is particularly fitted for this sort of work, having had wide experience in social service as well as in office administration in the SERA and WPA organizations.

With Marion on the job, the Chest will maintain full time hours daily in Monterey, according to P. J. Dougherty, president.

Dr. L. Cody Marsh has returned to Carmel to conduct a series of lectures in group psychiatry. He will explain at the first general meeting the purpose of these lectures and outline the idea of Psychiatric Missions. There will be a general lecture on the evening of January 22, a group lecture on the afternoon of January 23 and another general lecture on the evening of January 24.

Mrs. Marcella Burton, after a short visit with relatives in San Francisco, stopped in Carmel for two days on her way South. Mrs. Burton is planning to return to Carmel next month.

TOM AND JERRY
TIME . . . or anytime
it's

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Uptown Monterey

Mrs. Rendtorff Is Re-Confirmed As Library Trustee

Mrs. Karl G. Rendtorff was re-appointed by the city council Wednesday night as a member of the board of trustees of the Ralph Chandler Harrison Memorial Library which is, to all intents and purposes, the free public library of the city of Carmel.

She was re-appointed for a three-year term and at the same time the council, on a motion of Joseph A. Burge, extended to Mrs. Rendtorff a vote of thanks for her services to date.

"The library is being conducted in a very efficient manner," commented Mr. Burge. The trustees and Miss Elizabeth Niles, the librarian, and her staff will undoubtedly write that down in their diaries as something to have lived for.

Campbell's Yacht Takes the Count

Just because a man can take it is no good reason for assuming that all he possesses has the same degree of fortitude.

For instance, a man's boat. Argyll Campbell has been buffeted about in many a courtroom, and not only has he taken it, but most generally he comes out with the verdict under his torn and battered wing.

But his 43-foot sloop, "The Challenger", maintaining up to this time a certain degree of the might that is its owner's, has finally taken the count. Christmas weather kissed it with something besides what we are led to believe a Christmas kiss should be. It handled the sloop entirely too roughly in its osculation and "The Challenger" went down beneath the waves of what, at the time at least, was misnamed Stillwater Cove.

Work of resuscitation has begun and there are good prospects to date that the sloop will once more ride an even keel.

But right now it looks sad indeed and much bedraggled even above water at a Monterey drydock.

Miss Irma Cahn of San Francisco and her daughter, Frances, who is doing research work at the University of California, spent the holidays at Peter Pan Lodge.

The Carmel Cymbal

Some Do; Some Do Not on Torres St.

W. J. Kingsland, living on Torres street, wants something done about it—the street. The council Wednesday night received from him a letter requesting improvements.

The final echo of Saidee Van Brower's musical voice had scarcely died away when Mrs. Ross Miller was on her feet.

"As a resident on Torres," she said, quick-like and emphatic, "I'll constitute myself a battalion of one to fight any attempt to widen that street. It's beautiful as it is."

Mrs. Miller did admit, however, that she and other property owners had tried to get some oil poured on it, but two meanies among the taxpayers had blocked their efforts.

JOHN CAMPBELL TO STUDY SPANISH IN MEXICO

To further his plans for entering the diplomatic service of the country, John Campbell, son of Mr. and Mrs. Argyll Campbell, now a senior in Stanford University, will take a special course in Spanish this summer at the University of Mexico in Mexico City.

John spent the Christmas holidays with his parents in Carmel and this week returned to his studies at Stanford. He is to be graduated this June.

Major and Mrs. Ralph Coote have as their guest Mrs. Dorothy Sheldon of Berkeley.

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GUESS HOW MANY MAGAZINES IN CARMEL LIBRARY. GUESS AGAIN

(Continued from Page Five)

if you aren't a hunter or fisherman.

You needn't be a teacher, not even a parent—you have only to be interested in people and life—to find fascinating material in School Arts, with its wealth of reproductions of the work of young students all over the country; and in School Life, which is the official organ of the Office of Education, U. S. Department of the Interior—but which is also much more entertainingly written and beautifully illustrated than most government publications. There are, by the way, a number of educational programs on the air now which were listed in this magazine in a section appropriately titled "Electrifying Education": of these "Treasures Next Door", "Have You Heard?", "Answer Me This" and "The World is Yours" are certainly suggestive of knowledge handed out in a style children, or anyone who wants to learn, would be likely to enjoy absorbing. And here's another odd fact I picked up from this same publication (and don't bother to say "So what?" because I don't know!)—the Joint Committee on Radio Research reports that there are now 22,869,000 radio receivers in homes in the U. S. and 3,000,000 in cars!

As long as we've been speaking along educational lines I might just mention as having some connection therewith such magazines as Progressive Education (more interesting than it sounds), Parents, Hygeia, Health, Consumers' Research Bulletin and The International Journal of Individual Psychology.

And allied with the arts, of course, are such beautifully illustrated and valuable publications as Connoisseur, Architectural Forum, House and Garden, American Home, Camera Craft, to say nothing of the popular monthlies such as the Ladies' Home Journal and its companions which are vying with each other in the matter of more and better illustrations in more and better articles on every conceivable subject.

For those with a musical ear accounts of all doings in the world of music are available in Musical Courier, Musical Quarterly and Musical West to keep you up to date. The realm of church and religion bring to the reading tables the Catholic World, Missionary Review of the World, Christian Century, Rosicrucian Digest, Theosophy, and all the Christian Science publications.

Of course, in a library where the children have such a large number of books and a delightful reading room to themselves, they are not neglected in regard to magazines: American Boy, American Girl, Boy's Life, Child Life, Our Animals, Modern Mechanics, Popular Mechanics, Popular Science and St. Nicholas are all here.

Well, I begin to see daylight, and yet I haven't really reached the surface yet.

One magazine that gave me a lot of entertainment was Hobbies. I should think, considering the fact that almost everybody has a hobby of some kind, that this publication would be very popular. Even if you aren't a hobbyist it's interesting reading. For instance, the January issue is devoted chiefly to the subject of clocks! Beginning back with the Chinese Emperor Hwang-Ti's Water Clock in 2656 B. C., it tells about every sort of timepiece history and man have known, particularly those in collections today. I was charmed to learn that the first portable watches were called

"Nuremberg Eggs" because of their shape—it must have been fun to carry one, made of iron and half a foot high. I wonder what they weighed and how loud they ticked. In the same century, the 16th, Queen Elizabeth had the first wrist watch given her as a New Year's gift.

Who was it said that any library could be improved by the exclusion of "The Vicar of Wakefield"? Well, maybe it doesn't just work in with what I'm trying to say, but anyhow it's my opinion that any library that gives you the New Yorker, Reader's Digest, Fortune and the new Life isn't in much need of improving! Now you won't have to beg the newsstands to sell you Life, you can study it at the library—if Miss Niles attaches it to a good strong chain.

Toward the end of my exploring expedition I picked up Radio, thinking to see perhaps pictures of Vic and Sade or the lively Pepper Young family. This is what the first article was entitled: "A 20-20 Meter Push-Push 6L6 Exciter" by Paul D. Langrick W6PT. Gosh, Paul-Paul, that sounds too-too exciting—but what does the W6PT stand for? Then I looked farther and discovered that Radio is "The World Wide Technical Authority of Amateur, Short Wave and Experimental Radio" and I knew I was up the wrong alley.

I guess it's time to give up. I've intentionally ignored a lot of well known publications and I've mixed up the ones I have mentioned a good deal, so to straighten everything out I'm just going to give you the complete list of periodicals the library subscribes to, or receives as gifts, and then you can't call me on any I've omitted in the story above:

| | |
|--|---|
| American | American Boy |
| American Girl | American Mercury |
| American Home | Amer. Mag. of Art |
| Amer. Library Association Bulletin | Art Digest |
| Architectural Forum | Art Digest |
| Asia | Atlantic Monthly |
| Books (Her. Trib.) | Aviation |
| Book Review Digest | Booklist |
| Business Week | Boy's Life |
| California Arts and Architecture | |
| California Fish and Game | |
| California Oil Fields | Californian |
| Camera Craft | Catholic World |
| Christian Century | Christian Science Journal, Monitor and Sentinel |
| Child Life | Chronicle (S. F.) |
| Collier's | Commonwealth |
| Congressional Digest | Cosmopolitan |
| Consumers' Research Bulletin | |
| Current History | Cumulative Book Index |
| Design | Cymbal |
| Field and Stream | Fortune |
| Garden Quarterly | Forum |
| Good Housekeeping | Handicraft |
| Health | Harper's Mo. |
| House and Garden | Hobbies |
| International Journal of Individual Psychology | Home Arts |
| Illustrated London News | Hygeia |
| Ladies' Home Journal | Life |
| Life | Literary Digest |
| Mechanix | Living Age |
| Missionary Review of the World | |
| Monthly Summary League of Nations | |
| Musical Courier | Musical West |
| Musical Quarterly | |
| Nation | National Geographic |
| Nature | New English Weekly |
| New Republic | New Yorker |
| News (S. F.) | N. Y. Times Sup. |
| News Notes of Calif. Library Assn. | |
| Our Animals | Pacific Weekly |
| Pacific Affairs | Parents |
| Pan American Bulletin | Peninsula Herald |
| Pine Cone | Pine Cone |
| Poetry | Popular Mechanics |
| Popular Science | |
| Progressive Education | |
| Publishers' Weekly | |
| Radio | Reader's Digest |
| Readers' Guide | Review of Reviews |
| Rosicrucian Digest | Rotarian |
| Saturday Evening Post | School Arts |
| Saturday Review of Literature | |
| School Life | Scientific American |
| Science | Scribner's |
| Sierra Club Bulletin | Stage |
| St. Nicholas | Sunset |
| Theatre Arts Monthly | Survey Graphic |
| Theosophical Quarterly | Theosophy |
| Time | Travel |
| United States News | Vital Speeches |
| Vogue | Weaver |
| Woman's Home Companion | Writers' Digest |
| Writer | |
| Yale Review | |

—D. C.

Just in Case...

YOU SHOULD WANT TO KNOW

(The Cymal would welcome in attention being called to any errors or omissions in this piece of tape. Telephone 77, or drop us a card.)

STATISTICS ON THE VILLAGE

Carmel is in a pine forest on the open-ocean slope of Monterey Peninsula, 130 miles south of San Francisco. Carmel has an estimated population of 2800. Area, 425 acres or $\frac{1}{4}$ of a square mile. Improved streets, 30 miles. Dwellings, 1237. Business licenses, 250. Communities directly adjacent, but not within the city boundaries, are Carmel Point, with an estimated population of 150; Carmel Woods, 150, and Hatton Fields, 100.

Population of "metropolitan" Carmel is therefore 3200. Also included in the area for which Carmel is the shopping center are Carmel Highlands, estimated population 100; Pebble Beach, 100; Carmel Valley, 100.

Total population of Carmel district, 3500.

The original Carmel City, comprising what is now the north-east section within the present city limits, was founded in 1887. The city as it is, under the official name of Carmel-by-the-Sea, was founded in 1903 and incorporated in 1916.

The United States Post Office, insistent on brevity, ignores the hyphenated tail, and calls us Carmel, for which most of us are duly thankful.

CITY OFFICES AND WHO ARE HOLDING THEM NOW

Elective city offices with their incumbents are:

Mayor and Commissioner of Finance—Everett Smith.
Commissioner of Streets, Sidewalks and Parks—James H. Thoburn.
Commissioner of Health and Safety—Clara N. Kellogg.
Commissioner of Police and Lights—Joseph A. Burge.
Commissioner of Fire and Water—Bernard Rowntree.
The above five form the City Council. They get no pay.

City Clerk and Assessor—Saidee Van Brower. Telephone 110.
City Treasurer—Ira D. Taylor.

Appointive offices with their incumbents are:

City Attorney—Argyll Campbell.
Police Judge—George P. Ross. Telephone 481.
City Inspector—B. W. Adams. Telephone 481.
Police Department—Chief Robert Norton. Patrolmen, Charles Guth, Earl Wermuth, Roy Frates. Telephone 131.
Fire department—Chief, Robert Leidig. Twenty-four members. Firemen are organized volunteers. They are not paid, but we are building them a nice fire house with ducky social quarters. Fire Alarm—Telephone 100.

The City Hall, to which we point without pride, is on Dolores street, between Ocean avenue and Seventh, opposite the Pine Cone office.

The city council holds its regular meeting there on the first Wednesday after the first Monday of the month at 7:45 p.m.

PUBLIC LIBRARY

Ralph Chandler Harrison Memorial Library is at the north-east corner of Ocean avenue and Lincoln street. The hours are 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. and 7 p.m. to 9 p.m. Closed Sundays and holidays. Books are free to permanent residents. A charge of \$3 a year is made to permanent residents in the Carmel district outside the city and owning no property inside it. A deposit of \$3 is required of transients, retained at the rate of 25 cents a week during use of library.

The library possesses the Ralph Chandler Harrison collection of original etchings, part of which is continually on display. If you know anything about etchings you will be surprised and pleased.

Anybody living in the county may apply for a county card and obtain county library books through the Carmel library.

ART GALLERY

The Carmel Art Association Gallery, open to the public, displaying the original work of Monterey Peninsula artists, is on the west side of Dolores street, between Fifth and Sixth streets, a block and a half north of Ocean avenue. The hours are 2 to 5 p.m. every day except Monday. Mrs. Ethel Warren, curator.

CARMEL MISSION

Ecclesiastically known as Mission San Carlos Borromeo del Rio de Carmelo. Founded 1770 by Fray Junipero Serra. Drive south on San Carlos street, continuing on winding paved road quarter of a mile. Rev. Michael D. O'Connell, pastor. Telephone 770. Regular masses Sunday, 8 a.m. and 10 a.m. Visiting hours, week-days, 9 to 12 m., 1 to 5 p.m. Sundays, after masses.

CHURCHES

All Saints Church (Episcopal). East side of Monte Verde street, half a block south of Ocean avenue. Rev. Austin B. Chinn, rector. Telephone 155-W. Services: Holy communion every Sunday at 8 a.m. and on the first Sunday of every month also at 11 a.m. Morning prayer and sermon, 11 a.m.

Community Church. Lincoln street, half a block south of Ocean avenue. Rev. Homer S. Bodley, pastor. Telephone 977-J. Services: Worship, Sunday, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 9:45 a.m. Junior League, 5 p.m. Epworth League, 7 p.m.

First Church of Christ Scientist. East side of Monte Verde street, north from Ocean avenue a block and a half. Services: Sunday, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 9:45 a.m. Wednesday evening meeting, 8 p.m.

Christian Science Reading Room. South side of Ocean avenue near Monte Verde street, on the Court of The Golden Bough. Hours: 9 to 7 weekdays, and Tuesday and Friday evenings, 7 to 9. Holidays: 1 to 5. Telephone 499.

THEATERS

Filmart. West side of Monte Verde street, between Ninth and Tenth streets, south from Ocean avenue. Edward G. Kuster, owner and manager. Closed until spring.

Carmel Theatre. In downtown district, Ocean avenue and Mission street. William Loring, resident manager. Regular motion picture programs every evening, with matinees Saturday and Sunday. Telephone 282.

Forest Theater. Natural amphitheater in the pine forest. On Mountain View avenue, three blocks south from Ocean avenue. First play produced in 1910. Produces plays with local casts each summer. Herbert Heron started it.

Theatre of The Golden Bough. In ruins at Ocean avenue and Monte Verde street. Only the walls still stand after a fire in 1935. This was Carmel's prideful showplace for years. Hundreds of residents of old Carmel have trod its stage in locally-cast and locally-directed plays.

POST OFFICE

South-east corner of Ocean avenue and Mission street. Irene Cator, postmaster.
Mail closes—For all points, 6:45 a.m. and 5:15 p.m. For all points except south, 12:15 p.m.

Mail available—From all points 10:45 a.m. Principally from north and east, 3 p.m. and 7:30 p.m. This includes Saturday, but the windows close on Saturday at 1 p.m. They are closed all day Sunday, but mail is placed in the boxes in the morning before 10:45 o'clock.

RAILWAY EXPRESS

South side of Seventh street, between Dolores and San Carlos streets. Ira D. Taylor, manager. Telephone 64.

TELEGRAPH

Western Union. East side of Dolores street, between Ocean avenue and Seventh street. Telephone Call Western Union.

Postal Telegraph. Telephone, Call Postal Telegraph.

BANKS

Bank of Carmel. North side of Ocean avenue between Dolores and San Carlos streets. Charles L. Berkey, manager. Telephone 12.

Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank (Carmel Branch). West side of Dolores street between Ocean avenue and Seventh street. J. E. Abernethy, manager. Telephone 920.

PUBLIC UTILITIES

Pacific Gas and Electric Company. West side of Dolores street, between Seventh and Eighth streets. L. G. Weer, manager. Telephone 778. If no answer, call 178.

Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company. South-east corner of Seventh and Dolores streets. Telephone 20.

Water Company. Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank building on

Dolores street. Telephone 1M.

HOLES IN SOLES

Village Shoe Rebuilder. San Carlos street, just south of Ocean avenue. C. W. Wentworth. You may talk with him about New England.

TAXI SERVICE

Joe's 24-hour service. Ocean avenue, next to library. Telephone 15.
Greyhound 24-hour service, Ocean avenue and Dolores. Telephone 40.

STAGE SERVICE

Monterey stage office. Ocean avenue next to library. Telephone 15. Leave for Monterey, 8, 9:15 and 11:45 a.m. 12:45, 2:45, 4:30, 5:45 and 6:30 p.m. Arrive from Monterey, 9:15 and 11:30 a.m. and 12:30, 1:45, 3:30, 5:30, 6:30 and 7:15 p.m.

MONTEREY TRAINS

Southern Pacific Depot, Monterey. Telephone Monterey 4155. North-bound trains direct to San Francisco, 8:16 a.m. and 1:20 p.m. North-bound by railroad bus for connections at Salinas, 3:40 and 5:32 p.m. South-bound, railroad bus for connections at Salinas, 9:45 a.m. and 8:33 p.m.

BUS SERVICE

Greyhound Lines. Main street, Monterey, in San Carlos Hotel building. Telephone 5887. Carmel information office, northwest corner of Dolores and Ocean avenue. Telephone Carmel 40.
North-bound bus, direct to San Francisco, leaves Monterey at 7:50 a.m. and 1:05 p.m. San Francisco, change at Salinas, 9:40 a.m., 6:51 p.m. and 10 p.m.

CHIMNEY SWEEP

Standing in front of the post office occasionally.

Mr. and Mrs. Collins Baker of Pasadena and Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Jansen of San Jose are among guests staying at La Playa hotel.

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GOOD FOOD GOOD COFFEE
GOOD ICE CREAM

EDUCATIONAL MOVIE PRODUCER PLANS PERMANENT STUDIO HERE

(Continued from Page One)

sternation and apprehension of Menard, but to the delight of Machado. The shark, on the bad end of a harpoon, just about turns the bay over in his efforts to free himself. He makes strenuous efforts to swamp the boat, and, failing that, starts for the shore which, for a 30-foot power boat isn't the best place to go. But so far, although they have been at it for many days, nothing very serious has happened. Machado, Menard says, wants more excitement than he's getting. He wants to take out a steel barrel and harpoon a shark from that. It's

Menard's idea to let Machado ride his steel barrel without a movie producer aboard with him.

Machado lives in Monterey and he makes money from Menard for staging his show, and money from Chinese in Monterey who buy the shark fins for some outlandish concoction and the bulk for fertilizer.

Menard's next little engagement is deep-sea diving. He will get himself a good supply of exposed film of that.

He distributes all his productions through regular agencies. He makes 35 mm for professionals and 16 mm for home use.

MEET BARBARA NASH, WHO LIKES DOING OFFICE DUTY

Meet Barbara Nash, 11 years old. She was on duty Wednesday at Sunset School—office duty.

"I guess I've walked about five miles today," she said. And she said: "Pretty cold today, isn't it?" And "It's kind of fun being on office duty once in a while," she said.

She was piloting us across the broad, puddle-flecked yard, piloting us from the principal's office at

Ninth street to Miss Bernice Riley's first-grade room smack on Tenth. We were seeing Miss Riley on the business of finding out about Miss Riley.

"Guess I've been back and forth to Miss Riley's room three times today," said Miss Nash, and "Have you a son or daughter in Miss Riley's room?" she asked.

Our son is in Mrs. Farley's room, so we informed Miss Nash, and were deeply shocked to discover that she had never even heard of him. But Barbara is in the sixth grade, two years away, in the up direction, which probably accounts for that.

+

MAREA GALLEY READS POPULAR PLAY

Marea Gally gave an informal reading of "Reunion in Vienna" last Saturday night at Carmel Inn on San Carlos street. Preceding the play reading Mrs. Gally also gave several short book reviews. These reviews included "No. 10 Downing Street", Rebecca West's "The Thinking Reed", Elizabeth Bowen's "The House in Paris" and "Ancient Life in Mexico and Central America".

Matthew Austin, manager of the Carmel Inn, sponsored the informal program.

Marea Gally has appeared on the New York and Philadelphia stage and some 16 years ago gave several dramatic presentations here on the Peninsula.

MONTE CARLO BALLET AT SAN JOSE FEBRUARY 1

The Monte Carlo Ballet Russe will be presented at the San Jose Civic Auditorium on the evening of February 1 by the Denny Watrous management. The Ballet, with a symphony orchestra of 25 and 70 dancers, has been hailed throughout a world tour as the greatest of its kind today. It is expected that many Carmel residents will make the trip to San Jose for this rare treat.

Denny and Watrous are having unusual success with their presen-

tations at the San Jose auditorium. At the Kreiser concert in November there were many groups of music lovers from up and down the San Joaquin valley, especially Modesto and Hollister.

+

Betty and Virginia Wheeler entertained a group of friends at a wassail party Wednesday afternoon of holiday week at their home in Pebble Beach. Those present were Nancy Leffingwell, Pat Coblenz, Marjorie Hastings, Virginia Hastings, Patty Ball, Jean Spence and Martha Millis. A bowl of steaming wassail decorated with

lady apples and cranberries was served with doughnuts and popcorn in the living room gay with Christmas greens.

+

Celia Seymour entertained a group of young people last Saturday night at her home on Eleventh and Mission. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Austin Chinn, Jr., of Berkeley, Lauran Chinn, Ted Cator, Harvey Breaux, Joyce Uzzell, Bernice Trowbridge, Betty and Irene Wilson, Mrs. William Townsend, Nancy Leffingwell, Dorthy Smith, Martha Millis, Miss Haldis Stabell and Sheila Thompson.

Brrr!

SNOW ON THE MOUNTAINS SWEATERS IN CARMEL

Here they are!

Quality and Prices that will
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We thought the cold spell would
come earlier so we bought an extra
large supply of fine quality

MEN'S COAT SWEATERS

MEN'S ZIPPER SWEATERS

MEN'S SLIP-OVERS

WOMEN'S COAT SWEATERS

SLEEVELESS PULL-OVERS

GIRL'S CAKE SWEATERS

VESQUETTES

GIRL'S JERSEYS

SWEATER BLOUSES

SHOULDERETTES

These goods are exceptional values, even at the originally marked prices. At the reduction price we are now offering they are tremendously big bargains. ¶ We have them in almost every color, and every shade. ¶ They include brushed wool, close woven knit, jerseys, all wool, and part wool. ¶ For Boys and Men—unusually warm, brushed wool, coat sweaters. Some with action back, some with zipper fasteners. ¶ For Girls and Women—a special bargain in all-wool coat sweaters, that rival hand-made garments. In attractive colors, including cream white, rust, wine, and shades of blue and green. The wool to make a sweater like this would cost you much more than what we are asking in this sale. Vesquettes in a variety of colors are not only smart, but give you just the right amount of warmth when worn under your coat.

Here is a chance to get a supply of sweaters for your family at lower prices than you will probably ever see again. The very best can be purchased for the remarkably low price of \$1.98. Good, warm ones as low as Forty cents.

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